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LIVERY FEED AND



SALE STABLE. Virginia St., bat. 7th and 8th

HOPKINSVILLE, KY., T. L. SMITH, Proprietor "FOR THE TIME BEING."

"For the time being?"
How long is that? As lone, perchanes, As white a merry thought doth ginnee Across the deep and well loved eyes?
As long at term of tears and sighs,
The full heart freeing?

"For the time being?"
How long is that? I wat to hear.
A breathing space, a day, a point?
Till this life's silent bound be won
And other unknown life begin
Tast sount!, past sucing?

"For the time being!"
It is forever, as I is lak,
A conscious adding I lak to link,
A ser as, as of waves at sea;
For, tell me, when shall tage not be,
In False decreening? "For the time being?"
(It is the word.) Then do it not know. Such promise will not let thee go: Since time shall not receive to be. I say but this that thee it have me. "For the time bat fig?"

—Edith M. Thomas, in N. Y. Independent

THE MODERN CYNIC.

His Contempt for What Others Do And Say.

lous and Domestic Varieties-The Last-Named the Worst of All, But Every Oce a "Grand

In spite of his name the cynic is no altogether a creature of recent growth, life very early in the history of man. But of late years his race has enor-mously increased, and it may be interesting to note some peculiar ties of a and yet his increase so rapid. To de scribe him generally as a man who admires nothing is too far vague to admit of being accepted as a definition Like all animals of complex machinery

admit of being accepted as a definition Like all animals of complex machinery he can not be defined in a phrase. Man, for instance—the groups to which he belongs—has been defined a great many times but hitherto not with much success. He has been called a debating animal, but rats hold sacred conclaves, and a garobling animal, but I believe I have seen monkeys gambing. So with the different species of man. There is no possible phrase which can at the same time exclude other species and comprehensively describe one.

It is true that the modern cynic admires nothing which other men have done. This, however, permits him to concentrate his admiration the more intensely on himself. It may be also said of him that he does nothing, but then the enables him the more strongly to respect himself for what he might have done. It may be forther said that he attains to nothing; but then he has the power of considering what he might have schieved, and with what superior brilliancy of execut on, had he chosen to enter the arena. His game is little known to the outer world, periaps little respected by the circle to which he belongs. His kind may be subdivided into several principal and a very large number of subsidiary classes.

The literary cynic is, of course, the first that demands attention, not because he is the most important but because he is the most important but because he makes the most noise. He is to be found in certain papers, daily and weekly; in one or two ungazines, and

o be found in certain papers, daily and weekly; in one or two magazines, and weekly; In one or two magazines, and in a few novels. He is not, as a rule, scholarly, nor perhaps has his thought so much depth as can be observed in the works of the ancient philosophers, but he makes up for these defects by smartness and by an overwhelming sense of superiority, which, spite of a possibly kind heart can not refrain from breaking out into sneers. He acts as critic, either on books or on men and women. If on into sneers. He acts as critic, either on books or on men and women. If on books, he has one rule to start with and one method of treatment. An impossible standard is set up—that standard of excellence which our cynic would reach himself, were he to write; and then, this being implied rather than explained, he proceeds to show how far short the writer has fallen. This done, he next holds up to popular seorn any stray bits where the author has plunged into enthus asm. fallen into genuine stray bits where the author has plunged into enthus asm, fallen into genuine feeling, or become a victim to virtue and goodness. All these backslidings are carefully picked out and paraded, labeled as "gush." To prevent "gush," indeed, is the literary cynic's chief function.

Care must be taken to distinguish be-Care must be taken to distinguish between him and auother of a different race, but, in some respects, resembling him—the prig. Priggishness has its own self-respect, or rather veneration. But prigs believe in each other; they see in each other the virtues which they see in each other the virtues which they admire in themselves, and they gush solomily over them. A prig can not contain himself, "See," he says, speaking of another, but looking in the glass the while, "see how good he is, how well he does his work, what an earnest sense of duty he has, what feelings of well he does his work, what an earnest sense of duty he has, what feelings of responsibility, what contempt for the commoner paths of frivolous men?" For the prig is nothing without his sense of duty and pitying contempt for other men. We common men are despised, too, I admit, by the cynic, but in a different way. He sneers at our follies, in which he joins; he despises our virtues, some of which he shares; he curls his lip at us because we do our duty without an earnest sense of responsibility, and yet he has none himself. The prig, in fact, honestly tries to possess the quality he admires, but in the attempt assumes a more than mortal share of them. The cynic calls the attention of the world to our shameless want of these ornaments of the soul.

tal share of them. The cynic calls the attention of the world to our shameless want of these ornaments of the soul, and thinks it superfluous to put them on himself. The literary cynic on men and women is, perhaps, more at home than with books, for there are a great many books which he can not touch at all, for want of the necessary scholarship. Now, everybody can talk of men and women, and especially of women. Here his most telling method of approaching the subject is to deprecate any ledier in the possibility of virtue or disinteredness existing as a motive gase. The actions of men, unfortunately, proceed from so many and complex impulses that it is always possible to assign one which is bad and unworthy. It, for instance, a public deed is done which involves the sacrifica of much money or much labor, what more rational than to suppose it done with the view of getting the praises of men? If the labor of a life culminates is some great thing, which brings men. It too moor of a 140 cummates la some great thing, which brings money as well as a name, what can one who reads the soul so well as a cynic attribute it to but a thirst after fithy lucra? When there are several ends to be attained, let us, he says, always choose the least noble. When several may have been at work, let us, eye the

PITH AND POINT.

synic, choose the bases. These society means a crush at an "at home." a dis-ner party of twenty people—strangers to each other; a futile attempt not to

ner party of twenty people—stangers to each other; a futile attempt, not to appear bored; a perfectly transparent preferses at enjoyment; and such terms is friendship, gratitude and honor are low tolerably decord of meaning. Clerzymen are, by the nature of their profess on, humbugs. All political men have one single aim and no other—to get or to keep place. And the little things that we were once taught to regard as among the most pleasant in life, the gathering of fam'les, the talking over old times with brothers and cousins and the joyous public festivities, these are the saddest humbugs of modern civilization, the things that poson our cup of happiness. With these maxims and some fow others the iterary cynic makes out pretty well.

The art cynic have a narrower sphere of action. You may find him about the peture galleres. He stants before a pic are where the whole soul—a poor thing pethaps but all he has of the artist has been poured out. Women, looking at the fixed thought on the canvas are moved to tears. He, however is unmoved. After mature consideration be turns to his friend and whispers andibly: "Ah? yes—pretty well—the old trick, you see!" So the simple country folks dey the reges, ashamed to be seen crying over a picture that is done by the "o'd trick," and go on to the next, all their pleasure top led. Sometimes he gets an opportunity of speaking out in some review. Then, Sometimes he gets an opportunity of speaking out in some review. Then, taking the picture in detail, he has a

chance to seer at every one.

The theatrical cynic—he never laughs and never ories; needless to add that he never applands. His finest opportu-nity is when the whole house is in tears. He is wont, then, to tuen round to the man with him, whose throat is perhaps, man with him whose throat is perhaps, choked at the moment with a suppressed sob, and to whisper loudly: "Very badly done all this. I never saw a worse piece." So that the people all round leave off crying and try not to feel interested in the heroine's sufferings. In the same way, whose faces are broadened with grins, when hoves and pit and gallery are roaring with laughter, he will at with unmoved countenance or remark, impatiently, "Dear mel this is very melancholy!" which has an effect upon the unnumbered suries of ocean. Some nights ago I saw two of these critics at a New York theater. They were not greatly advanced in years, the elder being apparently about twenty-one. They listened with grave faces at the funny parts, keep ng, I thought, a furtive eye one on the other, to detect and deride any accidental larking smile, but when we came to the misfortunes of the heroins and the accounter was alled to the misfortunes. but when we came to the misfortunes of the hero ne, and the agony was piled up higher than we could well bear, these up higher than we could well bear, these two young heroes, with whom intellect and an overwhelming appreciation of art altogether conquered and drove out sympathy, and with whom the critical faculty so far mastered the emotional. that they dost the power of feeling, the thought, in watching for the expression of the poet, suddenly rose, moved by a common impulse. "Bah!" said the younger, with an infall-ble air of disdain, "what rot it is! Let us got out of here." So they got out. The two boys were, after all, only boys. As for the rest of us we cried and laughed at the foolish piece till our sides ached.

I saw a young but very promising

I saw a young but very promising cynic the other day, in an Episcopal Church. Three boys wore sitting together, he in the middle, but I think pulled out their Bibles and followed the lessons, joined in the chants, sang the lessons, joined in the chants, sang the lessons, lessons the lessons and generally comported themselves with becoming reverence and propriety. He, however, my cynic, regarded them, to right and left, with an air of the most sublime contempt. He would look around the church, as if to call attention to this preparatorus, humber, and around the church, as if to call attention to this preposterous humbeg and his own superiority. In deference to the service, he stood up for the hymns and sat down for the lessons; but he neither knelt, nor joined in the singing, nor affected anything but the most supreme boredom at the whole thing. "Religion?" he seemed to say. "Prayers! piety? Dear, dear, what absurd ty."

Of inferior quality, but, perhaps, more effective in his small way, is the domestic cynic. He it is who takes care that none of his household shall be possessed of any foolish notions of admiration toward their friends or acquaintances. He knows the cheapness of a friend's kindness to him; the untrustworthy character of a third; and so on. Much as we may admire the trustworthy character of a third; and so on. Much as we may admire the other kinds of cynies, I confess that toward this one I feel a repugnance, owing chiefly, I suppose, to some defect in my organization that forbids me to write about him with ph lanthropical calm. But these great and noble mea whose aim it is to show the world what hopes to be; to put down sent ment and all the things which foster absurd all the things which fo ter absurd-friendsh ps, excess-ve admiration, fa-natic principle devotion to a cause, loy-atty and the like passions, which have produced such great disasters to the world, who have discovered the real roots of love, and now hold them up to the during of mistaken havening. the derision of mistaken humanity who tear his fanc'ed honor from man and her imag nary modesty from woman, what things shall be said in the r praise, and what reward shall be bestowed upon them from a gratoful people? Posterity will, perhaps, when no illus on is left, and none of the Old no illus on is left, and none of the Out World reverence for age, dign ty and princ ples, award to the modern cynic his fit meed of glory.—*Drooklyn Engle*.

She Had a Relapse.

Mrs. Timpkins had not been feeling well, and Mr. T. had felt the results of it in various ways. Sunday morning tion, and whom he came back his wife wanted to know all about it. "Who was there? she asked after several other questions of a more spirit-

"Oh, everybody as usual. I saw Joe Fieldrig among the number and was a little surprised."

"Why?"
"He isn't orthodox "
"In what respect?"
"He doesn't believe in a hereafter."
"I never heard that hufere. How do you know?"
"Best evidence in the world. He's
going to get married next week."
Mrs. T. bad a rolupio.—Merchant

Traceler.

There are more than 10 000,000 bens in Maine, and the egg crop of the State is as valuable as the apple crop.

Boston Journal.

—Some people think the injunction on the face of the postal eard should be: "Postmasters will read only this side."

The merchant who hange out in front of his store the sign: "Don't go somewhere class to be swindle I; walk in here," is honest, to say the lenst. - Low

-- It is remarkable what a difference there is in the sensation when y u get a letter enclosing a ten-dol ar bill and wh n you get one encosing a bill for ten doll rs.

—An exchange has an article headed "Boys and Contagion." What the small boy can teatch isn't worth catchig, only he doesn't always catch wat he deserves.—St. Alba s (VI.) Acesen-

an excha go says: "Allow the children, as they grow otler, to have opinions of their own." Wond-r what kind of children this writer has had to do with?—

—A Touressee negro who di d of general debility was turned over to the doctors, and a post-mottem revealed a score of shirt buttons in his stomach. We are not surprised. A man's shirt buttons are almost never where they ought to be.—Puck.

ought to be.—Puck.

—"Wonder where Sylashpen gets the big words he uses so plentifully in his writings." "Out of the dictionary, of course." "That accounts for it! He used three words in ten lines, the other day, of which I did not know the meaning. I went to the dictionary, but they were," there. People is a went to the dictionary, but they were," there People is were. they weren't there. Probably, as yo suggest, Splashpon had taken them.-Boston Post.

Boston Post.

— "Look here, I wish you would explain how this got into one of your cigars?" said a man, rushing into a tobacco store and holding up a little strip of calico. The manufacturer eved it with disgust, and exclaimed: "It's those new girls again. They don't seem to know the difference between a Mother Hubbard and a Connecticut warnows?" Chicago Tellumnecticut wrapper!"-Chicago Tribune

- His lost love.

I by thy charms I crave a puace Midst rivals 1 by whaome grace. And I-ling vontress will I dare.

I have of thee, yet ne'er despuir, I fano chance thy love to win, Abroad I'll 6 some of her scheme. For me no more this carth is I for all till 8 thy smiles—forcives, Let pewe be 9 besvix is selected. I'll 8 thee no more—farcewell.

-Mrs. Jones (nowly married)—How did you like that pie we tall for dinner to-day? Mr. Jones (who recollects his childhood)—It was rather good, his childhood)—It was rather good, but not such a ple as my mother used to bake. Why don't you call over and get her recipe? Did you bak: it? Mrs. Jones—No. Mr. Jones—Ah! Who did then? M.s. Jones (triumphantly)—Your mother baked it and sont it over. She thought you would like it.—N. Y. San.

HOWLING GLAD.

Love is a good deal like the car cable, but it doesn't matter a cent what car it is drawing. You've always got to pay fare, too, but whatever you put into the box is gone. There was a man in Oaksame sweetheart, several who have several sweethearts. But this man had Church. Three boys were sitting one sweetheart whom he adored, as only together, he in the middle, but I think he had come alone. The other two pulled out their Bibles and followed the least, and does not fool sure of her their home is on the palm."—Evansteen, being the chants same the can adore. He wanted some then, can adore. He wanted some-thing precious to keep for her sake. So he got permission of the Central Pacific Railroad, and came over to San Fran-cisco one afternoon. A friend of his was going on to Dresdan and a happy thought struck the fond lover. "I want you to do something delicate for me," he said to his friend. "What is it?"

He took out of his pocket a photo-

"Wha is it?"

He took out of his pocket a photo graph and a lock of hair.
"Look at this. Isn't it lovely?"

Well, she was about forty-five, broadfaced, with a chunky nose and the faintest sensation of a cross-eye. The look of hair was red. 1 am describing a woman who could not by any possibility exist in Oakland. I do not want to offend that ity I may want to live there some day.

some day.
"Y-e-e-s. She's good looking." "When you go to Dresden I want you to have a painting of her made on por-celain, a daisy. I don't care what it

costs."
"All right, old man, I'll do it."

"Take care of it, won't you?—the lock of hair, I mean." "Certainly. Do you want to insure

The friend went to Europe and came back. In Drevicti he had made inquiries, and found what was required would cost lifty dollars. He made up his mind that anybody who wanted that girl painted and was willing to paylifty dollars for it was an idiof. So he came back without the porcelain. He had been back some time, when he met the Oakland man on the street. Strangely enough the Oakland man avoided him, but he was cornered. "Hulle! Got back? How did you en-

joy yourself?"
Not a wo d about the commission. At Not a word about the commission. At last the 'Frisco man spoke up.

"By the way, I priced those porcelain paintings in Dreaden, and I thought you would not came to pay fifty dollars for

wond not can be produced as the produced of the collection of the

Gray's For more than five hundred years a

little fraternity of lawyers has nestled within the shadows of the sloping roofs of Gray's Inn. Here at his "box of a shop" under the gateway, Jacob Tonson, the famous publisher, Issued Addison's "Campaige." A so within its courts Local Bacon wrote his "Novum Organum." which King James declaimed as being "like the peace of Gray's and the passets all anderstanding." At the gateway also at que time dwalt. Thomas Osberge, the books from the flarician library. The men of Gray's Institute in times now passed, were famous for masks and rayels and for gargeons interludes. Hawthorne level the place, Dickens fitted it into his "Uscommercial Traveler." Topys wrote about the fashions that were flaunted by the promenders on Sanday after church, and Charles Lamb has embalmed its beauties in an epitaph by saying "foces are the best gardens of any of the tons of court. Becom has left the improves of his foot upon their grayel walks."—Fall Mall Gazette. of Gray's Inn. Here at his "box of a

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-Mrs. Garfield has an income of \$12,456 awyear from the Garfield fund. -"Palmer Nevada" is what the prima donna will henceforth call ber-

-Two soldiers of the Light Brigade, made famous by Tennyson's poem, are residing in New York. -General Berdan, the American rifle

and torpedo-maker, is said by a correspondent to be one of the Czar's "most intimate friends." — Ik Governor Long, a cording to the Boston Post, is one of the brightest after-dinner speakers in the country. He never drinks wine of liquors.

-C. M. Lewis, the Yale class poet of 1835, is a brother of J. M. Lewis, the class poet of 1835, is a brother of J. M. Lewis, the class poet of 1852.

-General Grant's height, as stated by Colonel Frolerick D. Grant in a letter to an in airer in Scranton, Pa., was five fet eight inches; chest measure, about thirty-eight inches.

-Sarzh Altler, Hill of San Francisco.

—Sarah Althen Hill, of San Francisco, who has achieved notoristy as the plain-iff in the celebrated Sharon divorce uit, has resolved to adopt the stage as a profession. 2—Chi ago Journal.

Anna Dr'nker, a well-known author ess, who wrote under the nom de plume of "Edith May," has been released from the State As, lum for the insane at Har-risburg, Pa., where she had been con-ined for many years.—Pitt-burgh Port. sined for many years — Pilt-burgh Post.

—A letter written by a lady, which had remained fifty years in the pocket of an old coat, was found the other day year age me chant, and by an equily trange chan e reached the person to show it had been a ldressed half a century ago.—Norjolk (Va.) Landmurk.

—Mrs. Laugtry, not satisfied with the natural color of her hair, which was beautiful, and of which she took incessant care, has painted it a kind of

essant care, has painted it a kind of reddish color, which, it appears, is be-oming the fashion in Paris, and has injured her appearance .- N. Y.

Sus.

—Says a Georg'a newspaper: We note with regret the death of J. M. Bryan of McVille. Mr. Bryan was a narmless gentleman of many peculiarities. He has for many years wern his har as long as any in ht's and done it up in an old-fashioned net. He was also a sommunbulist—would walk miles all through a dense swamp while asleep.

—The late Governor Coburn of -The late Governor Coburn of Maine, left a fortune of about \$2,000,-00). He was never married. Scores of girls wove their nets for him, but he

eluded capture. One day he saw a poor girl, and she was so attractive and girl, and she was so attractive and agreeable in her manners that he became smitten with her. Subsequently he made up his mind to marry her after he found that his affection was reciprocated. This so overjoyed the poor girl's family that they babbled about the coming marriage with the rich man. The babbling reached his ears and he was displeased. He broke off the engagement and never thought more of woman and her wiles.—Boston Journal.

land who had a sweetheart. I suppose there are several men in Oakland who have sweethearts, several who have the same sweethearts, several who have save sweethearts, several who have save. cago Mail,

-Talking about dates, one ought to

-The circus proprietor is obliged to they can always be seen, for there is a law against carrying concealed revolvers.—Boston Trans. ript. --- Professor: "In one evening I

counted twenty-seven meteors sitting on my piazza." Class expresses great astonishment at the sociable character of the heavenly bodies. - Boston Budget. -A little girl of two and a half years urned her finger for the first time the other day. She placed her finger on a hot potato, and suddenly drew it back, exclaiming, "Oh! der's a pin in it."— Boston Courier.

—"Johnny s your sister in?" "I don't know. Lemme see —what's your name?" "Barnes.—Mr. Barnes." "All right, Mr. Barnes. You just sit down, and I'll ask Sis wh ther she's home; but I don't think that's the name." A High School boy at Lawrence, Mass, went home delighted with the idea of the miltary drill about to be in-

idea of the military drill about to be introduced in the school. "I tell you." said he, pityingly, to his sister, "it pays to be a boy."—Go den Days.

—"I see," said Mr. De Wiggs to her husband, "that the King all Bavaria is in deht about \$7,50,000." "Yes." "How in the world can he have got so deeply in deht?" "Danno, unte s he kept two hired girls."—Pittsoargh Telsgraish.

- Gus de Smith - I want to hire you

or Gus de Smith - I want to hire you to take me out to the lunatic asylum and back. How much do you charge to the round tr p? Colored Hackman - Do Lor! Yer ain't gw nter come back arter you once get out dar, is yer, honey? - Texas Siftings.

- A young married couple of Salisbury, Md. ha e named their first boy "Nepton," because they became engaged while on a saling voyage. There's an ocean for you! No doubt young Neptane will frequently encounter smacks. - Norristown Heruld.

- Doctr.—"You se, wifey dear, I have pulled my petient through, after all; a very critical case, I can tell you." His wife—"Yes, dear hubby; but then you are so clever in your procession. Ab, if I had only known you five years earlier! I feel certain my first husband—my poor Thomas—would have been saved,"—N, F. Ledger.

- Grocer (to new boy)—You must

Grocer (to new boy)—You must tell reople that we are very busy, James, whether we are or not. They like to buy of a firm that they think does a large trade. New boy.—All right, sir. Gro er (a lttle later)—Didn't old Mrs. Benson want anything,

## DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT. QUARTERLY COURT. First Monday in each month.

V. P. Winfree P.
G. Sebree, Jr Co W. P. Winfree Presiding Judge E. G. Sebree, Jr. County Attorney John W. Breathit County Clerk HOPKINSVILLE CITY COURT. Third Monday in November, February, March

CITY COUNCIL.

CHURCHES,

RAPTIST—Main St., between 19th and 11th.
Rev. J. N. Frestridge, pastor. Services every
Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school
9:20 a. N. every Sunday. Prayer meeting every
Wednesday evening.

Library Wednesday evening.

Library Sunday shorting and evening. Sunday
school 9:20 a. M. every Sunday. Prayer meeting
school 9:20 a. M. every Sunday. Prayer meeting
school 9:20 a. M. every Sunday. Prayer meeting
matriolist—S. W. Corner 8th and Clay Sts.
Rev. E. W. Bottomley, pastor. Services every
Sunday morning and evening.
Sunday school
every Wednesday evening.
First Pressytratian—S. E. Corner 7th and
Liberty Sts., Rev. Montgeomery May, pastor.
Services every Sunday morning and evening.
Services every Sunday morning and evening.
Similay school every Sunday at 9 a. M. Prayer
meeting every Wednesday evening.

Ninth St. Pressytratian—S. E. Corner 8th

meeting every Wednesday evening.

NISTH ST. PRESBYTERIAN-S. E. COTHER BLAND LINE ST. PRESBYTERIAN-S. E. COTHER BLAND LINE ST. PRESBYTERIAN-S. E. COTHER BLAND LINE ST. PRESBYTERIAN-S. E. CHERALAND PRESBYTERIAN-Sevening. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

CHERALAND PRESBYTERIAN-Sevenin St., bet., Virginia and Glay, Rev. A. C. Biddle, pastor. Services every Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school at 9:30 A. M., every Sunday Prayer meeting every Thursday evening.

EPISCOPAL—N. W. Corner 8th and Liberty Sta., Rev. J. W. Yenable, Rector. Services every Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school every Sunday morning and evening.

CATHOLIC—Ninth Street, near Bellmont. Rev.

CATHOLIC—Ninth Street, near Relmont, Rev. R. P. Fechan, priest. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

Vinginia Sr., Barrist, (Colored)—N. W. Corner Virginia and 14th Sts., Rev. E. Williams, pastor. Services every Sunday morning and evening. Senday school every Sunday morning at 0 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Wethesday evening. Methodiay evening.

METHODIST KINCOPAL, (Colored)—B. E. Corner Liberty and Illis Siz. Rev. J. M. Mitchel pastor. Services every Sunday morning and evening. Sanday school at \$A. M. every Sunday. Prayer meeting every Wednesday even

main St. Barrist, (Colored)—Corner Main and 4th Sts. Rev. E. Richey, mator. Services every Sunday morning and evening. Sanday school every Sunday at 9 A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

COUNTY GRANGES, CHURCH HILL, NO. 199-Church Hill, Ky, Juo. W. Medganhey, W. M.; A. M. Henry Seety.; J. B. Walker, Business Agent. GASEY, No. 38-Casky Ky. Thou, L. Graham CASEY, No. 38-Casky Ky. Thou, L. Graham W. M.; Winston Henry, Secty.: Jno. C. Rox Hay, Business Agent. Meets lat and 3rd Fri days in each month. HOPKINSVILLE PUBLIC SCHOOL LIBRARY.-OBER OF TORGERS AND FERRISMS.

BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

Christian Lodge, No. 820, Knights of Hoodge meets lat and 3rd Tuesdays.

Evergreen Lodge, No. 38, K. of P.—Moets B and 4th Thursdays in each month in Odd Fel-lows' Hall, corner Sevenith and Main. Endowment Hank, K. of P.—Meets 51 Mon-day in every month. Knights of the Golden Cross, -Meets first and Ancient Order of United Workmen-Time-meeting, 2d and 4th Tuesdays in each month. Green River Lodge, No. 54, I. O. O. F. - Meet very Friday night at I. O. O. F. Hall. Mercy Encampment, No. 31, I. O. O. F,-odge meets 1st and 3d Thursday nights.

COLORED LODGES. Union Benevolent Society.—Lodge meets hand 2d Monday evenings in each month a Hooser & Overshiner's Hall.

Freedom Lodge, No. 75, T. B. F.-Lodge neets on 1st and 3d Tuesday dights at Postell' Hall. Hall.

Misadora Temple, No. 28, 5, of F. Lodge meets 2d and 4th Tucadays in Postell's Hall.

Hopkinsville Lodge, No. 1899, G. U. O. of O F.—Lodge meets 2d and 4th. Monday nights in Hooser & Overshitzer's Hall. Mystic Tic Lodge No. 1907, G. N. O. of F. Lodge meets lat and M. Wednesday nights looser & Overshiper's Hall. Evening Star, No. 96, D. of S.-Lodge meeted and 4th Thursdays, Corner 5th and Main.

District Magistrates' Court.

1-Hopkinsville-A. H. Anderson, 4th Tues-days. P. F. Rodgers, 3rd Saturdays. 3-Mr. Vernox-J. D. Steele, 4th Saturdays. M. A. Fritz, 3rd Thursdays. B. D. Lackey, 2nd Thursdays. B. D. Lackey, 2nd Thursdays. 5-LAFAYETTE-J. T. Coleman, 3rd Wednes-days. C. B. Frascr, 3rd Mondays. 6-Union School House-J. W. McGaughey, 3rd Saturdays. M. A. Littlefield, 4th Fridays. I-HAMBY-R. D. Martin, 3rd Saturday Thos. Martin, 4th Saturdays. 8. FRIOT HILL. J. H. Cavanah, last Mondaya J. A. Boyd, 3rd Saturdays. 8-SCATES' MILL-J. R. Faller, 4th Wednes 10-GARRETTSBUSG-Austin Peny, 2rd Thursdays, Rufus Rives, 4th Thursdays, 11-BAYNBRIDGE-H. B. Clark, last Saturdays H-CASKY-N. G. Brasher, 4th Saturdaya V. E. Warfield, 3rd Saturdaya, 13-STUART'S-Geo. H. Myors, 4th Thursday 14-WILSON-W. D. Ferguson, 4th Tuesdays 15-Chorron-M. B. Brown, 4th Friday All of the Magistrates hold their regula marterly courts in the months of March, June september and December.

COURT OF CLAIMS. The regular Court of Claims, composed of the county Judge, County Attorney and the Mag-strates above named, convenes 3rd Mondays a May and October. DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE.

Hopkinsville, city and district.

L. A. Sypert, Chairman. Chas. M. Meacham, Sect'y, S. G. Buckner, R. W. Henry. district. B. W. Henry.
Casky-G. S. Brown,
Pembroke-V. A. Garnett.
Longview-C. D. Bolt.
Garrettalurer-Austin Peay.
Lafayette-J. T. Coleman.
Union School House-P. J. Glazz.
Bainbridge-J. M. P. Pool.
Hamby-L. B. Salmon.
Seates' Mill-T. T. McKnight.
Crofton-Jac. M. Dulin.
Fruit Hill-S. H. Myers.
Stuart-Joe Hile.

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